The Sumter Banner.

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☞All letters by mail must be paid to insure punctual attendance.

Miscellany.

THE MODEL MILLINER.

Like a fashionable physician, she lives upon the weakness of the fair sex—only what physician has so many complaints to attend to, or such delicate wounds to cure as those of female vanity? Besides, is there a physician, however pure, who would dress the wounds of his patients in the same handsome manner she dresses her's? She has a pharmacopœa of remedies at her fingers' ends. She can tell what ails a lady merely by looking at her. If you have no color, she knows the precise warm tint that will brighten up your complexion; or, if you have too much, she can tell to a shade what will make you look as pale as a widow at her third wedding. She can pad down a circular back, lower a high pair of shoulders with one touch of the scissors, take the fine edge off a hatchet face by a pair of rosy "whiskers;" she will fatten your cheeks with a flowery border, and by the talisman of her wonderful needle, almost change a figure like a sack into the fashionable *tornure* of the hour-glass; in fact, will decorate away any deformity or cut out any ugly impossibility, you chose to order. More than this, she plucks from the head of old age several long years, and many a lady, who has crossed her threshold "on the wrong side of forty," (if such a number ever enters the head of a lady,) has left it with the happy conviction that she was a blushing *debutante*, considerably under twenty. Her shop is the celebrated fairy mill, in which by some charm—at present only posessed by looking-glasses, the old are ground young again.

You can almost tell the Model Milliner by her appearance. She is a cheap lay-figure of the *Modes de Paris*. She is smart, neat, fashionable and elegant, yet anything but obtrusive in dress. She courts the shade with dark colors, as if she kept herself as a standing back ground to throw out the bright hues of her customers. Her own stock of bonnets is innumerable. She never wears the same twice. Like a French surgeon, she first tries experiments upon her own person before she practises on her patients. However, it is most mean to insinuate that she sells her bonnets afterwards as new, when refreshed by new ribbons. She is always smiling, always obliging, never contradicting. The only instrument she uses is flattery. With this she removes, as with a plane, the roughest difficulties. "You really look so charming in that bonnet—it is *so* very *distingue*, *so* aristocratic; it is just your style—it would quite distress her to see it worn by anybody else, and is *so* cheap; she makes nothing by it, the materials are *so* expensive, the price so very low, and you look *so* handsome in it," etc., etc., and thus she gets a long purse by constantly *so-so*-ing.

The honesty of the Model Milliner is above all suspicion. To believe her, poor thing, she loses by every article she makes. With a quicksilvery rapidity of the tongne, which makes it very difficult for any one to "take her up," she runs over the separate articles that compose the ærial turban you are admiring, gives you the price to a feather of every little item about it, and leaves you in a state of wonderment how she can live and pay for the handsome looking-glasses about the room, when she does business at such a ruinous rate. With her the word "perquisites" is like the word "impossible" with Napoleon—it has emigrated long ago from the dictionary. She always finds a "a lady's own materials" quite sufficient. She is above sending home one flounce less the number ordered, and would not on any inducement—not even to have the royal arms over her door—appropriate satin enough for an apron or keep back an inch of your charming Brussel's point. Her power of physiognomy is quite Lavateresque. She has always something made expressly for each customer, something composed especially for the style of every one. Her patience, too, surpasses a Sister of Charity. You may try on all her fragile stock, drape all her mantillas, scarfs and *visites*, in all possible fancies over your shoulders; pull and toss about all her rainbow assortment of cobweb caps and bird-cage bonnets, and this she will allow you to do for hours, never murmuring, but smiling as gratefully as before. She answers more absurd questions in a day than a Prime Minister in a week, and is as indulgent to the conceited beauty of sixteen as to the vain coquette of sixty. She is naturally mild and coaxing, but allows no frail daughter of Eve, tempted, beyond the strength of her sex, by a too-seductive bonnet, to run up a bill; nor induces a a young lady to anticipate her next year's allowance by the persuasion of a long credit; nor allures a simple Miss, just fresh school, to buy things she does not want, by the dangerous promise that "she will never trouble her for the amount." She never speculates, and has never been known to supply goods upon the chance of "a certain event coming off;" or to postpone the payment of an account till "certain expectations are realized;" or to urge, with legal firmness. that Mr. M—— cannot possibly refuse to pay for such absolute "necessities;" or to equip young daughters previous to their marriages, upon the base understanding that she is to be paid afterwards. She pays no more deference to the Duchess than to the plain Mrs.; all women are the same in her eyes, all candidates for finery. Her foreign orders are never executed with her old stock of rejected goods. She would blush, also, if she caught imposing on country cousins last year's fashions for the newest inventions. She employs a long-bearded courier, who, like an English manager, is constantly running backward and forward from London to Paris, in search of the latest novelties. She keeps two distinct sets of apprentices and girls—the one intensely Frenchified. for foreign patronnesses—the other English, for patriotic customers. In similar complaisance to little prejudices, her goods change from Spitafields to Lyons' manufactories according to the purchaser's nationality.

There is a profound mystery around the domestic ties of the Model Milliner. Her children are never mentioned—her husband is never seen or heard. Occasionally a rakish gentleman, in moustaches, glides into the show-room, but he is sternly frowned down, and, after a sharp whisper, goes out as mysteriously as he came in. Can that be her husband? Scarcely—there is so little affection apparent between the two; the man obeys more like a servant than a human lord and master, to whom all the caps and *crinolines* in the establishment belong! But no matter—the avocations of the Model Milliner allow her no time to be troubled with such small considerations, though she delights, as becomes a woman and a milliner, in ever turn of the exciting game of Matrimony, and lays awake at night twisting over in bed her numerous wedding orders.

The Model Milliner is most correct. o young men are allowed to lounge about in her show-room—none but married gentlemen have the *entree* of her work-room. She is never seen at places of public amusement by herself; nor was she ever accused by the most suspicious mother of allowing her house to screen sentimental assignations, or of making it a young ladies' post-office for letters with love-sick seals. She is never seen at public balls—on the contrary, she is always at home, promoting the comforts of the young ladies "who are improving themselves under her tuition."

To these the Model Milliner devotes her most affectionate thoughts. They are really her children, and she acts to them like a mother. She will not allow them to work more than ten hours a day. She spares their health, looks after their morals as rigidly as their tasks, does not stint their meals, gives them what little amusement she can "after hours," and will not allow any working all night, not even to finish the ball dress of the handsomest beauty that ever made the Guards go mad at Almacks, or to complete the *trousseau* of the prettiest bride that was ever given away by the Duke of Wellington, at St. George's. A prettier picture cannot be imagined than the Model Milliner, surrounded by her young pupils, all intent upon the architecture of some "love of a bonnet," that is to cap all other bonnets, and to be received by the heads of fashion as the prize bonnet of the season.

As the Model Milliner rises in the world, a confusion of tongues, like the Towel of Babel, attends her growing eminence. Her knowledge of English becomes more French every day, until at last her dialect, like the British Channel, belongs to neither England nor France, but is continually running between the two. She talks like Madame Celeste, which makes it very difficult to understand her, unless you have had a course of six private boxes at the Adelphi. A similar metamorphorsis takes place in her name and doorplate. Mrs. Todd is changed to Madame Toddee, and her shop is called a "*Magazin de Nouveautes*," or, at least, a "*Depot*," and circulars inform the curious that Madame Toddee is *de Paris* (of course), and was the "*premiere cleve* of Madame Victorine, and carried off the gold medal at the last '*Exposition d' Industrie*' for her very superior '*jupons hygieniques*.'" As her fame increases, so does her invisibility. Her "*Magazin*" is vacated for a handsome mansion in some *cidevant* aristocratic square, where liveried footmen usher you up velvet-carpeted stairs into saloons and boudoirs, with gold-legged chairs and the rosiest ottomans. She only receives the *elite*. "She "gives consultations"—is very difficult, however, to consult; and when visited in her incognitio, sends down word that "Madame cannot be disturbed—she is *composing*." She styles herself an "artiste," has her carriage and opera-box, is more invisible every day, until she ascends so high at last, that a like a balloon, she cannot be seen at all. The truth is, she builds a handsome fortune out of bonnets, retires to Italy, buys a villa on the borders of some lake, marries a good looking *primo-tenore* from one of the Operas, purchases a title, and is often astonished when she looks back, and recollects when she was plain Miss Todd, who began life in the classic regions of Cranbourne Alley, rose to Regent-street, ascended into Hanover Square, soared above Almacks, as Madam Toddee, and now is the Contessa di Toddalini—all from having been a MODEL MILLINER.

Punch.

COLLECTING A BILL.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

When, latterly, the inimitable and humorous Dan Marble arrived in this city, we promised ourselves much pleasure and amusement from his advent, not only from his genial and truthful impersonations on the stage, but from his society, as the immortal Dan shines as prilliantly in private life as he does upon the stage, This gentleman is 'just nat'rally bound,' on every visit to our time-honored metropolis, to furnish us with the material for a sketch that has never been in print or made use of on the stage; and to do Dan justice, he never, since the conclusion of the compact, failed to redeem his pledge. We are indebted to him for the 'Arkansas man who never saw a piano,' and some other things which have had their success. The following veracious narrative was communicated by him on his last visit:—

In a well known and flourishing city of the West, one of those young giants which have sprung up to maturity in the course of a dozen years, there lives, an individual connected with the press, known familiarly among his friends by the *soubriquet* of the 'long-faced man,' and almost equally well known by the nickname of Colonel Walton. The first he obtained from the length of his physignomy; the second from we know not what military achievement.

Among the acquaintances of the Colonel was numbered a certain noted and popular member of a theatrical firm, whom we shall designate as Mr. Longley.

The Colonel and Mr. Manager Longley, a few years ago, were taking a morning walk in the vicinity of St. Louis. Hunger had sharpened their appetites, and when they entered a little way-side tavern, they were reduced to that pitch of famine that they could eat a horse behind the saddle, as the saying goes. Now the Colonel had no money, while the manager was literally 'out of town with a pocket full of rocks.' The Colonel made some passing remarks touching the sharpness of the morning air, the state of his appetite, and the prospect of a good dinner. Still Longley could not or would not take the hint. At last the Colonel spoke out:—

'Longley—I'm deuced hungry.'

'So am I.'

'Longley—got any money?' asked the Colonel.

'A few,' replied the manager.

'Well, then,' said the Colonel, 'I'll tell you what—you lend me five dollars—and I'll order dinner.'

'I'm agreed,' the manager, and the money was forked over.

It was a famous dinner to which they sat down; there were quails and prairie chickens, and venson steak, and no end of pies and custards, with a bottle of wine and segars to wind off. The long-faced man, and the manager cracked jokes, and 'all went merry as a marriage bell.'

Dinner ended and the bill paid, they walked back to St. Louis merrily and lightly. That very afternoon, however Longley, who was famous for keeping a sharp look out in money matters, sent his boy, a lad of eleven, to the Colonel's office, to get 'that money he lent him in the morning.'

'Tell your daddy,' was the Colonel's message, 'I can't pay him to-day.

The next morning, bright and early, the boy made his appearance again with a peremptory demand for 'that five dollars.'

The Colonel finding his creditor so suspicious and sharp set, determined to punish him, and accordingly sent back word that 'he was hard up—hadn't a dollar in the world—nobody would lend him any—sorry—couln't help it—hoped to be able to return it some time or other,' etc., etc,

After dinner Longley's boy re-appeared with a pressing demand for 'that five dollars.'

'I can't pay it,' said the Colonel.

'Please, sir,' said the boy, 'father said that I must stay here till I got the money.'

'O, very good,' replied the Colonel, 'you're a good boy; you can stay here as long as you've a mind to. You can go down in the yard and play with the dog till you're tired, and then you can go up in the garret and sleep, but you musn't tread no mud in on the carpets.

The boy embraced the proposition. He went into the yard and whiled away the long afternoon with the interesting quadruped to which his attention had been directed, and when perfectly worn out re-entered the house, carefully cleaning his boots on the scraper, and rubbing his feet on the mat. Supper would have been very acceptable to him, but as he was not invited to partake of that refreshment, he ascended gloomily to the garret, and there forgot his sufferings in sleep.

The next morning he resumed his sport with the dog, but being hungry, he soon abandoned the Colonel's premises, and returned to his worthy parent *minus* the five dollars

Longley was in a perfect rage at the disappointment and the treatment of his juvenile collector, and directed thereanent certain fulminations against the head of the Colonel, winding up with 'only wait till I catch one *his* boys; I've got a dog in my yard, and a bed in my garret, too.'

Now there was a certain club-room in the suburbs of which no one, not a member, was ever admitted, either for love or money. The number of members was strictly limited, and Longley had in vain attempted to procure a membership and entrance. It was no go. The Colonel, however was a member, and this fact increased the aggravation of the manager. After revolving various ways and means of circumventing his debtor, and gaining admission to the coveted coterie, Longley hit on the following expedient. He determined to present himself at the on a certain evening, to knock boldly at the door, and when interrogated by the porter, give the name of Colonel Walton, thus effecting an entrance, trusting to secure a welcome afterwards.

He accordingly presented himself and knocked sternly at the door,

'Who's there?' inquired a rough voice

'A friend.'

'A friend! what name?'

'The Colonel.'

'The Colonel! what Colonel?'

'Colonel Walton, of course.'

'Not quite tall enough for the Colonel,' replied the well known voice of that individual himself. 'Not quite tall enough for the Colonel. But you're a good boy—you can go into our yard and play with the dog, and when you're tired you can go up stairs and sleep in our garret, but you musn't tread no mud in on the carpet.'

Longley was regularly 'done brown,' and retired in a rage. Whether he ever got the five dollars or not we cannot take upon ourselves to say; put we are inclined to think that after his second discomfiture, he 'called it square,' and gave up the idea of collecting that 'small bill of his.'

THE LAND OF DREAMS

"AGNES," said Willy, "let's take a walk into the land of dreams, and report to the Club of Merry Laughers,"

"Good!" cried the surgeon; "do' Aggy, do; I'll tie your bonnet;" and so off we went. We sailed down the Stream of Comfort, in a Temperance steamer, till gentle Sleep met us and pointed out the *Land of Dreams*. The stream carried us hard down to an open gate, over which was written, "Admittance free from 10 P. M. to 6 A. M." I was not a little amazed that this gate stood entirely unprotected—not even an old porter stood guard at it! But Sleep said "so few entered by it, and they were of so gentle and kind a disposition, that no disturbance ever occured from leaving it open. This Comfort-gate,," said she, "though it was built so long ago as when Paradise was incorporated and was the very gate at which Eve entered the land of dreams, is known to but very few, Many attempt an entrance, but they come so late in the morning that they are obliged to get in some other way, for we seldom leave it open after sunrise except for babes, and for adults when the morning is stormy."

Here we were introduced to two cherubins with wings that rustled like the hum of bees. It is their office to close the eyes of weary babes, and the laborers, whose sleep is sweet; and now they were to be our guides to show us the curiosities of the place. Passing through the outer court, they said they would show us the different gates of the land; and first they took us to the *gate of* REVERY, that was open so long as the sun shone, with side gates, at which one might creep in at midnight if he chose. A crowd of novel-readers were pouring in here, with fixed eyes and contracted brows. There were a great many "young men of promise," with albums and gold-headed pencils in their hands, and with faces looking upwards as if rapt in inspiration. There was a long band in the slouch-cap and loose-gown uniform of the student, who walked this way because they thought it was the path of Genius.

The next that we visited was Feversgate. It was crowded with haggard men, having flushed faces and wildly rolling eyes. It led to the favourite depot of the god of dreams, and he was accustomed to send out by it his choicest packages. Next we passed by Opium-gate, though which two paths run. The more elevated one (and by this all were permitted to walk for a season) was fragrant as the bridge by which Xerxes crossed the Hellespont. It was strewed with myrtles, and roses without a thorn, and the aroma of flowers floated around on every side. It was melancholy all this while to know, that whose walked this sunny path was doomed, after a little glimmering of stars, and whirling of sphers, to travel wearily in the outer path, where everything was so different. Sometimes it was narrow as the corridor of a pyramid, and it seemed to be covered with the smile of the Nile; and the storm continually rushed through, tearing off limb after limb from the panting travellers. Furious beasts met them threatening instant death, but they left them to live on, carrying death in their hands and never permitted to die.

Next was the gate of Drunkenness, the entrance of which was by a steep descent of steps. At the head of the descent were innumerable filthy dramshops, though which they crawled before they were allowed to go down. Some walked down most effectingly amiable, and most "gloriously drunk." some sneaked down with their fingers in their mouths, as if they were watched; some staggered down with a whoop and yell awfully blue and patriotic, as the personfied essence of the 4th of July. Some rolled lumbering down; some slipped down; and some were kicked down by the respectable factors at the head of the way. There they all lay sputtering, snoring, and swearing, till the keeper of the gate came out, and, opening it, dragged them in.

The next gate was called Trouble. There were always a few coming or going, throgh it. They never staid long, but always went out looking more haggard and desolate than when they entered.

Next was the gate of Ambition. Each one who entered at it, was presented with an enormous balloon attached to, or rather a prolongation of his head, which was supplied with a moral oxygen, the result of a chemical union taking place between his hope and vanity. This chemical action was always going on in their brains. It was not for lack of either of these ingredients that they entered here, but because that here alone, there was room enough and the air was of such density as to favor their ascension to an incredible height. They would hover about, almost out of mortal sight, building glittering castles, till the morning star arose and melted them, and they were obliged to descend. The hours of day they spent among mortals collecting herbs from which hope was elaborated.

And now we have come to the last of the gates which lay close by the side of Comfort, and its name was Love. No one entered it alone, or rather no one who entered it was long alone. The path leading through the gate went straight on to the Green Isle of Lovers where

"The verdure fades never; immortal in bloom
"Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume,
"And low bends the branch with rich fruitage depress'd
"All glowing like gems in the crown of the East,
"There the bright eye of nature in mild glory hovers,
"Tis the land of the sun beam—the green isle of lovers"
Passing this delectable road we hear
"Sweet strains wildly float, on the breezes that kiss,
"The clam-flowing lake 'round that region of bliss."

The sweet sounds had not died on the ear when we reached Comfort gate whence we set out. So we were saying good-bye to our guides, not wishing to intrude farther upon the sanctities of the place, but they gave me a very pretty compliment which I have not the vanity to repeat, and assured us there would be no objection to our entering the very sanctum of the land. Thus saying they opened a door of curiously wrought mosaic and ushed us into the heart of the land of dreams.

Oh! what palaces of chrystals and diamonds glittered on every side. The air was filled with birds that discoursed celestial music and called to each other in songs of joy. Beggars sparkled in brilliants, and kings and princes toiled at the furrow. Then every thing looked so odd! Men walked about the streets, laughing and halloing to each other, strikingly independent of a body. Birds there were that talked, and calves that sung. What I supposed to be a fire, proved to be a heap of blood-red faces. Some smiled, some grinned, and some looked as sorry as a calf devoid of its mother. Even while I stood there pinching Willy's arm, an ant-hill grew up into a mountain that ever increased till worlds came tumbling from its sides, and whizzed into boundless space, to be numbered among the constellations and be taught the gamut of sidereal music. Spirit of truth! the most beautiful face ever I saw, swelled into a bloated demon's—wrinkles covered it—a pair of eyes gleamed furiously from its midst—and, as I remember, one, while we looked, forsook its socket, and whizzed by, seeking for blood. The surgeon dropped his cane—plucked up gallantly, and sprang for a girl that meditated under a flowering almond. She turned to greet him, it was my own face! She had even stolen my scar! The print of Willy's lip was on her cheek, just where he left it on mine! I thought of Van Winkle, and felt for myself.—I was gone! and so I was walking off with the surgeon! Oh, dear! what'll Willy say? And the next moment, we passed a whirl-wind that discoursed soft nonsense to an evening Zephyr.

We walked into the store-room, and were amused with the different packages sealed, and ready for delivery, to our earthly acquaintance. For a little boy, there were pockets, and sleds, and candies—for boys, mustaches, and canes, and rings, and young women, looking out of the second story windows, sighing "why tarries his shadows so long in coming." For young ladies, there were chests of new novels, and gift-edged and musk-scented letters from friends, and squeezed hands flowering plants, wedding-cake, and canoes. For a lord, a star and garter, for a young man, a name with an hundred pleasant echoes. For a girl there was a lover,